

## JEWELS ON STOCKINGS.

Lily Langtry Teaches the Fashionables a New Trick in Extravagance.

Madam, do you wear diamond-studded stockings?

If you do not, you are woefully out of date, so far as fashion goes.

When the Queen of Sheba went up to display her glories to King Solomon she forgot something. In all her wardrobe she had not a pair of jeweled stockings.

When she twiddled her tempting feet before him, to the confusion of his unapproachable wisdom, the instep of her hosiery should have been knit with precious stones. Diamonds should have blazed from the tops of her royal slippers, and the "clocks" which told the brief time of the wise potentate's resistance should have gleamed mystic red and wonderful with rubies of great worth.

But the Queen of Sheba did not live in the end of the nineteenth century, and it was left to Lily Langtry to devise the jeweled hose.

She did it. That is one of the things she has been devoting her spare time to. All the old-fashioned ways of spending royal sums of money on raiment had become trite and commonplace, and the Jersey woman gathered together a few tea-cupfuls of gems and had her hosiery weave them in wondrous patterns into the most fabulous of hose, and then she wore them, and for a day she had a new sensation.

Great Britain was dumfounded at this rag of the Lily. Then New York women rushed to their jewellers and clamored for jeweled stockings. And at the present minute half a dozen New York firms have orders for this priceless footwear on their books.

Artisans and artists whose wires go on advertised bargain days and look for the best things in the fast black for 19 cents a pair are laboring away, day after day, working patterns of rich jewels in dainty fabrics of silk, to case the fair feet of the wives of money kings.

A fashionable looking woman stepped into her carriage, which had waited for an hour before a Broadway jewelry establishment. The jeweller watched her as she disappeared.

"Do you see that woman?" he said. "She has diamonds embroidered in her stockings."

"Rhinstones?"

"No. Diamonds; first water diamonds. We just finished two pairs of stockings for her with big patterns of diamonds on the instep. And she is far from being the only one. She wishes she might be, but she isn't. It is getting to be a fad among the richest women in town—of course I mean the women who aspire to splendor in dress."

"But they can't really wear those things?"

"Of course they do, and the effect of all the jewels, embroidered thick on the instep, is dazzling beyond conception. It is the richest and most startling extravagance which woman's dress has known for centuries."

The tradesman went to a plutocratic looking lady and drew from its recesses a plush box. "If you don't believe in the diamond stockings," he said, "cast your eye over these." As he spoke he unfolded such a pair of stockings as would have made Alexander's royal mistress consider her hosiery shabby.

They were long, exceedingly long, and of silk so sheer that you could have passed both them at once through a wedding ring. They were of the most delicate blue imaginable, with a dainty monogram woven at the top in pale shaded silk.

But the instep was the glory of it all. It glowed and pulsed in the flashing light, like a great angry heart of fire. In a superb cluster were woven a thimbleful of the finest of rubies, that glittered and gleamed now like a hundred little burning diamonds, now baleful like the eyes of a great wrath.

When the marvelous stocking was turned again, the humor of the cluster of gems there seemed to change. Each individual little stone alone out as if envious of its neighbor's brilliancy, and then, all in unison, the cluster sent a rich red glow across the counter, like the warm, mellow, friendly beacon that gleams from rock-bound castles across a stormy sea.

It seemed as if all passions and all poetry, all music, all emotion, and all human history were chained alive in the bosoms of those splendid stones, which now were held captive by a thread, to shine upon the instep of a woman's hose.

The jeweller's voice sounded very dry and dwarfed when he broke the silence. He was smiling. "Sets a man to thinking, doesn't it?" he said.

Then he went on talking shop: "This is only a sample of what will be seen in plenty before the Summer is over, and I can tell you that they are expensive luxuries. This pair alone is worth \$600, and we have orders now in hand that will go away ahead of it in both cost and magnificence."

"Where did the idea originate?"

"With Mrs. Langtry, I believe, and some of our customers who are taking a great interest in the novelty say that she got it from the idea of the jeweled buckles that go across the instep on low-cut slippers. However that may be, she was the first to actually wear a pair of these jeweled stockings, and the idea was taken up with incredible celerity."

"Why, would you believe it, there are twenty women in this city who have already had these stockings made, and are wearing them on every possible occasion. We have even gone so far as to have monograms embroidered in jewels on their insteps, and others have had their hosiery embroidered with flowers up the side, each leaf and petal being a valuable gem."

It seemed too diamond-flecked a story to be true, but other jewellers who cater to the great world of the Greater New York declared upon their honor that it was a fact. They had all heard of the stockings, and then, and, in fact, some had even made them.

## NEW CURE FOR SNAKE BITE.

And Exactly How a Venomous Serpent Works His Deadly Fangs.

A new antidote for snake venom has been discovered. The inventor is Professor Phisalix, a French scientist.

The great merit of this antidote is the simplicity of its preparation. This is carried on in such a way that there is absolutely no danger of the antidote containing any of the poison. It is supposed that there is such a danger in some of the present.

### Anatomy of a Snake's Head.



Professor Phisalix prepared his antidote by passing venom through a Pasteur filter.

He secured the poison glands of several snakes, pressed out the contents and dried the liquid. In this way is obtained an amber-like powder, which it is necessary to keep away from the light in order to preserve its violence.

This method of dessication enabled the Professor to weigh infinitesimal quantities of venom with great exactitude. The method of measuring venom by counting the liquid drops is necessarily uncertain. A small difference in the quantity of snake venom may be of great importance.

Professor Phisalix made a solution of one part of dry venom to 1,000 of water, which immediately before filtration was further diluted to 1 in 5,000. This liquid was passed through a Pasteur filter, the most effective instrument of its kind in existence.

The quantity of this solution before filtration needed to kill a guinea pig of seventeen ounces was about one-third of a grain. After filtration Professor Phisalix found that the solution did not kill the animal. It was therefore proved that the filter retained the poisonous part of the venom, and that the solution remaining possessed a power of immunizing the blood against the poison.

Forty-eight hours after an injection of the solution in a guinea pig, it was able to resist an inoculation of venom which would have killed two or three unprepared animals of its kind. Further, an injection of the solution into an animal immediately after its inoculation with what would have been a fatal dose of poison saved its life.

The manner in which this and various other antidotes recently discovered were supposed to operate may be briefly explained. A poison when it enters the blood arouses a certain class of blood cells into activity. They fight, so to speak, with the poison for the life of the animal in which they are contained. If the poison is not too strong they will succeed, and the poisoned animal will recover. The result of this process is that the blood cells in question remain highly developed and will protect their possessor wholly or in part against a future attack by the same poison.

The poison of the large, venomous snakes is too powerful and too rapid in its action to permit of the natural recovery of its victim, but if a very small quantity is introduced into the blood the resulting process described takes place.

The object of the doctors after antidotes was to find a remedy which will produce the protecting blood cells without putting the patient to the inconvenience of being poisoned.

Dr. Fraser, an Englishman, and M. Calmette, a Frenchman, who have carried on their experiments in India, have succeeded in obtaining an antitoxic serum. M. Calmette inoculated large animals—horses and donkeys—with the blood cells of the venom of the cobra di capello, and then drew off the serum from the blood of these animals. This liquid, injected into an animal, saved it from the effects of a bite and gave it immunity from future poisoning for a limited time.

Professor Phisalix, before his present discovery, had succeeded in preparing an antidote by heating a solution of venom to a point above 80 degrees centigrade. At this point the solution lost its poisonous character and became useful for inoculation. But if the solution was heated above 90 degrees it lost its curative properties also.

An illustration on this page shows a section of a snake's head exposing the ingenious mechanism by which it inflicts its deadly wounds. In front of the upper jaw are two fangs, very long and sharp, and curving backward. When at rest the fangs are partly covered by a sheath.

## A NEW OCEAN RECORD.

George Paynter, the Veteran Bartender, Has Crossed the Ocean 791 Times.

For forty-five years George Paynter, the veteran bartender of the Cunard steamship Ettruria, has been a continuous ocean traveler, and during that time has covered a distance seemingly incredible. When that steamer started recently on her regular voyage from New York to Liverpool, with

That this new method of attack is being systematized in New York, the police in at least four precincts have already reason to know. Officers in the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh precincts are prepared by experience to cope with a new enemy.

For the past eight months it has been known that the ruffians who infest the neighborhood of the Macdougall Street Station have maintained and trained bulldogs to aid them in fighting the police. Seemingly every member of the various gangs has his ferocious ally.

So well have these dogs been trained that even in the daytime they snarl and growl as the officers pass on their beats. The very sight of a bluecoat enrages the brutes. At night it requires only a word from their masters to make them leap at the officers' throats.

Policeman O'Connor, of the Mercer Street Station, has at different times had encounters with four of these trained dogs.

## BULLDOGS TO FIGHT POLICE.

They Are Trained By New York Thugs to Hate a Man in Uniform.

The toughs of New York have a new method of fighting the police. It is effective, dangerous and brutal. They depend no longer on themselves and their "gangs" alone to pelt the police in an emergency. They train bulldogs to do their fighting for them.

There have been many styles of shoes worn by different styles of men, but the pointed toe maintained its supremacy longer than any of them. But, like all else, it has had to give way to the dictates of Dame Fashion, and Fall styles show a wider range of round and square-toed shoes than has been in stock for many a long day, while there is less variety of pointed toe shoes seen than ever before.

R. B. Glover, who represents one shoe company, said: "In the future pointed shoes may be worn more or less for evening wear, but they will eventually become

## POINTED TOES MUST GO.

No More Toothpicks in Shoe Leather Now Says Fashion's Decree.

The pointed toe shoe is going out of style. Such is the decree of fashion, and when fashion dictates few men or women dispute the decree.

Hence the passing of the "toothpick" point is a fact that is just forcing itself on manufacturers and dealers. Some of the leading shoe dealers of New York confirmed the statement that in its place is appearing the more comfortable round toed style of footwear.

The exodus of the "toothpick" marks an epoch in the history of footwear. The ultra-fashionable youth will have no trouble in standing squarely upon their own feet, instead of bearing down upon their neighbors' pedal extremities with the useless projections of the old style shoe.

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## THEY HATE TO KEEP COOL.

It Takes the Natives of the Tropics to Find Methods of Comfort.

If people will only profit by example they can keep cool. Just see how the other fellow, who lives where it is always hot, manages to be comfortable, and then you will have struck the keynote.

For centuries the inhabitants of the tropics have been devising ways to keep cool. Not only have the natural resources of their own countries been converted into methods of cooling schemes, but the mechanical skill of modern science has also been introduced by the fabulously wealthy rulers of these semi-barbarous lands.

The natives of New Guinea, who are compelled, owing to the intense heat, to go almost naked during most of the year, have hit upon a scheme that is claimed to make life not only bearable, but highly enjoyable during the long, hot days, when the boiling sun is sending down seeming rays of fire.

While their plan does not tax the brains of modern science, it is, nevertheless, unique and involves the labor of an enormous army of workers. Their method is to take a broad stretch of low land adjoining their large villages and convert it into a swamp. This is done by clearing the land thoroughly of all vegetation and underbrush, only the trees being left standing. By months of patient labor, in which all inhabitants of the village, both men and women, join, they dig a canal from the nearest lake and drain it into their artificial marsh. The depth of water in these marshes varies from ten to twenty or thirty feet, according to the excavation done beforehand.

Trees are then cut and carefully stipped of both bark and branches, and driven in groups in numerous parts of the marsh, leaving about ten or fifteen feet above the water. On the tops of these stumps or piles, the houses are then built, and so overhang the marsh.

In some parts of India "floating villages" have been constructed with great success. The inventors of this mode of keeping cool came from inland tribes of natives, where the heat killed off hundreds every year. These men journeyed to the river shores and there built their houses on large flat rafts. Some of these villages have now grown to large proportions, and one near MacCluer's Inlet, or Gulf of Oulu, as it is now called, numbers over eight hundred houses. They are all connected by ropes, with some twenty feet of water between, and move with the current. This huge excursion fleet, as it appears, lazily floats from one shore to the other and up and down the stream, catching all the air that comes from the neighboring forests. The difference in temperature between the land and the rafts averages twenty-five degrees.

In Syria the latest and most effective scheme of escaping the stifling heat has been found in the subterranean passages, of which the country has many. Large forces of Syrians have made mammoth excavations in the passages, and here, deep down in the bowels of the earth, built abodes. It is very cool down there, the rocks oftentimes being actually cold. This is largely accounted for by their contact with the numerous subterranean water ways, which flow along under mountains

## FROG DEITY OF UNION SQUARE.

Strange Worship of the God of the Lotus at Daybreak in Union Square.

There is a new sect of idolaters in town, and they hold their strange, mystical exercises at dawn of the Summer mornings about the fountain in Union square.

The deity which they have chosen, and to which they pay adoration when day is first reddening the sky, makes his home in the fountain. The birds splashing in the bright waters there sing to him, and his throne is the great leaf of a lotus, whose he sits in languid state through long Summer hours.

The worshippers at this lax shrine are a company of young artists, with their following of glided and aesthetic youth. The cult is a rejuvenation of the old Pantheism, a part of that ancient conceit which peopled brooks and streams with nymphs and all sorts of other jolly souls. It is a calling back to life and use of the mythical elf rings of pastures and forests, and the early morning car driver need not be startled if some fine daybreak he sees the hobgoblins dancing on the greensward about the Union square fountain, where the Deity of the Lotus lives and lets himself be venerated.

Every Thursday morning, rain or shine, the merry crew of artists goes to pay its respect and obeisance to this somnolent god, whose food is flies, who takes sun baths, and, by way of utterance, says hoarsely, "Bill Bull."

For this God of the Lotus is just a big, old bullfrog, but the artists and Willie boys have made him their golden calf, and, with aesthetic posture and cabalistic words, pay homage to the genius of the pond. This is the way it all came about:

Up to the present time, except for the sparrows, an occasional moth and the dragon flies that find a home about the fountain in the Union square garden, the place has been almost wholly given up to small children, their nurses, and the loafers who find precarious resting places on the benches scattered around.

It was just three weeks ago last Saturday night that the "Weary Willies" had resented themselves on the benches, after a rude awakening by a "sparrow cop." The electric lights threw greivous shadows of trunks of trees, of boughs and the quiet locks of the fountains stood on end. There was silence for almost a minute. Again from the water came the fearful sound. It was too much for the hoboes. Those who could beat a hasty retreat into the neighboring streets, looking over their shoulders in abject fear, which was only increased by their falling over the benches and wire railings.

Those among them who were too drunk or too frightened to use their legs, rolled under the benches and groaned in terror. Again the awful cry came up from the fountain, increased in volume and died away in the early morning air, but not a hobo dared move to lend a rescuing hand to the drowning being that was cursed with such a voice.

That was the first morning's experience, but custom soon dulls one's sense of danger. Nothing has a more uncomfortable sound than the whiz of a passing bullet, but men soon get accustomed to it, and the hoboes got accustomed to the world groans of the Union square bullfrog. They admired him because he never worked, but just sat and sunned himself.

He grew in popularity as the days went on. Small boys came in scores to admire his glistening lues as he dried himself in the sunlight. The habitual loungers of the square, who rejoice in the mildest sort of sensation, flocked from their benches and leaned over the edge of the basin in rapt contemplation. Toward evening pretty girls from the shopping section tempted the bullfrog with cake and similar delicacies. At times the crowd around the pond became so thick that the police were compelled to interfere.

Meanwhile the royal frog grew fatter and fatter. His raucous song has become part and parcel of the park system, but it was not until two weeks ago that he became a god and his deep "Bill Bull" a sacred thing, as was the same song when his ancestor sang it among the bulrushes on the banks of Father Nile and the Pharaoh's daughter heard.

A party of artists had been attending a studio reception. Journeying homeward, they happened into Union square about dawn and discovered the bullfrog seated on its lotus throne and chortling in basso profundo to the rising sun.

They were captivated by the sight, and next morning came again with reinforced numbers. Then the Bullfrog Club was solemnly founded and organized, its members pledging themselves to meet at sunrise every Thursday morning around the circular pond in the square and join in the bullfrog's morning hymn. Some of the members thus enrolled are well-known artists and magazine writers, among them being G. S. Shaw, of No. 50 West Twelfth street, who is authority for the following members: F. W. Melitz, H. Bromlow Church, Elwood Ward, A. H. Flanders, Donald Fraser and Arthur H. Lynde.

With song and incantations in languages of the mystic East and of the olden time, with genuflection and "a charm of woven paces and of waving hands" they do honor to their deity every Thursday in that, his temple.

But Policeman Ryan, who watched the solemn service, noted the bullfrog's square jaw and round body, his air of ease, complacency and proprietorship, cried out in all irreverence: "Ah there, Mark Hanna! Here's McKinley?" Ryan is not a frog worshiper.



### MRS. LANGTRY'S DIAMOND STOCKINGS.

It began Mr. Paynter's 792nd trip across the Atlantic.

He has seen the development of ocean liners from the early crafts made of wood and propelled by paddle wheels to the magnificent twin screw ocean palaces of the present day. Mr. Paynter has written a story of his voyages for the Sunday Journal readers, which is of unusual interest, as it proves the beneficent results of ocean travel. He says:

In the Fall of the year 1851 I shipped as bartender aboard the Cunard steamship Asia. At that time the Asia was one of the best of the ocean going steamers of the day, though in comparison to the crafts of the present it was crude and clumsy. It was constructed of wood and no larger than the river boats which ply on the Hudson. The motive power was obtained from a walking beam and side paddle wheels, and while the scheduled time for the trip was eight days, it frequently, and in fact as a rule, the time limit was exceeded by from four to six days. The Persia, an iron side-wheeler, was put into commission two years later, and I was assigned to her. Then followed the Andes, an iron stern-wheeler, which marked the beginning of the improvements which have developed the steamships of to-day.

When my present trip is completed I will have crossed the ocean 792 times, making a total distance covered of 2,805, 680 miles. This is merely figuring on the accepted mileage between New York and Liverpool for that number of trips. Undoubtedly the mileage in fact is greater, as a portion of the time I ran to Boston and Halifax. The distance is sufficient to reach some of the nearer planets and is more than 800 times the distance from New York to San Francisco. I have never had to lay off a day from illness during my forty-five years of service and have met with no accidents or shipwrecks. I have been with the Ettruria since it was launched in 1885, and will continue until I have completed my 800th trip, when I shall retire, not on account of physical reasons, but simply because the tiresome monotony of the voyages is not pleasant.

GEORGE PAYNTER.

His latest experience occurred ten days ago.

Shortly after midnight he ordered a crowd of loafers on the corner of Grand and Sullivan streets to disperse. One of the gang, Luigi Corato, was sitting on an empty fruit stand and refused to obey. O'Connor seized Corato and attempted to arrest him. As he did so Corato yelled, "Eat him, Jack!" and immediately a big bulldog rushed from beneath the stand and leaped for O'Connor's throat.

The brute barely missed his mark. "Three times he renewed the attack, but as he approached for the fourth time the officer, by a well directed blow, felled him to the pavement.

Fortunately for O'Connor, Corato was subdued early in the conflict. Otherwise the officer might have fared badly.

The system of hunting criminals with dogs is old, but an organized method of attacking officers of the law by a similar agency is new.

The policemen of New York are, however, prepared for the new form of attack.

### NEW PERSONAL ORNAMENT

Parisians Now Wear Little Lanterns in Their Hats for Decorative Purposes.

The last new craze in Paris is said to be the wearing of a lighted lantern as a personal ornament. The fashion originated with a speculative manufacturer, whose "petite lanterns" were bought by tens of thousands at the fair of Neuilly.

The lanterns are very small and neat, and made in a Gothic form after an ancient model; it is only of tin, but is sufficiently solid; it has well-tinted glass plates, is about the size of a walnut, burns for some hours, and is sold at the price of six sous. Almost everybody who returned from the Neuilly fair to Paris, as a correspondent tells us, looked as if he were outwardly symbolizing the Midsummer Saint, John the Baptist, "a burning and a shining light." The men and boys had the little lanterns in their hats, and the ladies carried them in their bouquets.

### The New and Old Style of Shoe.

out of date for the reason that they are more apt to break around the tips, and the dealers are accused of selling an inferior article. The shoe that is coming in the place of the pointed shoe is one that is known as the "bulldog," which has a raised, round, blunt toe. The reason for calling the shoe "bulldog" is because of the shape of the toe, which is something like a dog's head in form. This will be the fashionable shoe this Fall.

Mr. Peterson, manager of another store, said: "Pointed shoes are going out of style, for the reason that different designs in footwear are merely a fad or fancy. The 'bulldog' shape is a more comfortable shoe and is a more sensible looking article than the old style of pointed shoe. There is no doubt but what some people will regret the change in style, but such is the law of fashion."

Another reason for pointed shoes going out of style is the fact that cheap manufacturers are making them at a much more reduced price than manufacturers of high grade shoes can compete with.

The fine city trade of the East and public opinion in general have set decidedly against the needle pointed shoe and the "coln" and "bulldog" shaped lasts now have the preference.

### \$2,750 FOR A MEDAL.

It Belonged to a British Descendant of a Famous New York Family.

A military medal was sold in London recently which attracted considerable attention there and deserves some here for unusual reasons.

That it was greatly valued is shown by the fact that it was sold for \$2,750. It was no less than an officer's gold cross for the Peninsular campaign, with gold clasps for Talavera, Nive, Salamanca, Vittoria and St. Sebastian, presented to Colonel Sir William Howe de Lancy, who acted as Quartermaster-General on the staff of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, where he was killed.

and rents in the rocks caused by internal volcanic eruptions.

Down there, hundreds of feet beneath the earth's surface, and in as it were a gigantic tomb, the Syrians pass the heated portion of the day in quiet seclusion and peaceful rest.

The Chinese, although a backward and non-progressive race, have nevertheless tried many experiments for keeping cool, and think they have solved the question by their "tree dwellings." At least it is the most satisfactory method that has ever been put in operation in the Flowery Kingdom.

Taking advantage of the tremendous growth of trees in some parts of the yellow empire, the natives have built their houses, like nests, in them. This they do by splitting the large and topmost branches and fitting the foundation of these houses securely in these splits.

Perched up there, a hundred feet in the air, and in the direct sweep of the wind, when there is any, the Celestials dream away the tedious Summer day. The type of architecture is more pretentious than that displayed in the simple log cabin. The walls are decorated with curious designs, and the interwoven latticework of palm and bamboo which form the houses give them a delightfully cool and airy appearance. It is an ideal nest, and one in which the Celestials never tire of lingering.

The King of Siam has a scheme on which that swarthy ruler labored for many years, and which, besides being wholly original, represents an expenditure of money that would make a dozen men wealthy for life. In substance, it is a mammoth glass room, measuring some twenty feet square by fifteen feet high, constructed on the surface of a lake, into which it is submerged on hot days.

With the exception of the floor, it is entirely of heavy plate glass, closely fitted into steel frames. It took over five years of steady labor to make this remarkable room, and so jealous of the secret was its imperial inventor that each particle of the room was manufactured in a different place and by workmen entirely unfamiliar with the other parts of the structure.

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